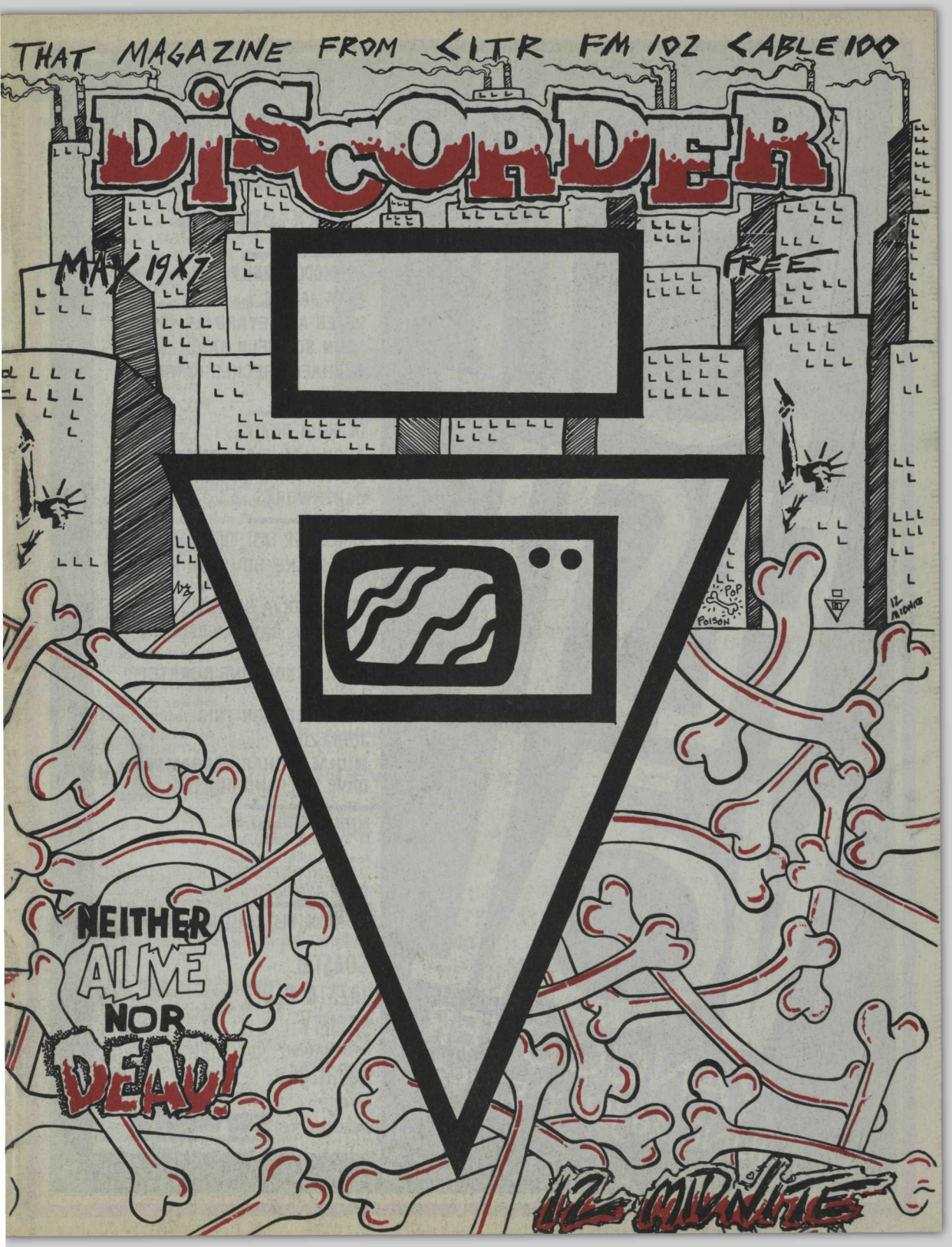
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DISCORDER

That Magazine from CITR fm102 cable100

MAY 1987 Vol V No 4 Issue # 52

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Discorder Magazine is published monthly by the Student Radio Society of the University of British Columbia (CITR-FM) and is printed in the far-away reaches of Surrey, Canada.

That Magazine from CITR fm102 cable 100 circulates 17,500 free copies by the first of each month. Twelve-issue subscriptions: $10 in Canada. US$10 in the U.S.A., $15 elsewhere. Make money order or certified cheque payable to 'CITR Publications'.

CITR-FM broadcasts a 49-watt stereo signal throughout Vancouver on 101.9 FM. But for best reception, you're far better off hooking up your stereo to FM cable. CITR is available at 100.1 FM on Rogers Cable (Lower Mainland) and Shaw Cable (North Shore), but not yet on Western Cable (New Westminster and the Fraser Valley). Call your cable company if you're having reception problems; call us if you're having trouble hooking up.

All inquiries concerning CITR, **Discorder** or the Mobile Sound System can be directed to station manager Harry Hertscheg. The business line is 228-3017. The CITR request line is 228-2487 or 228-CITR.

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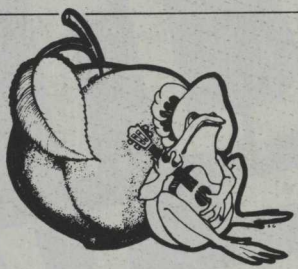
Booze makes brains shrink



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UP FRONT

DISCORDER HAS BEEN getting knocked lately for supposedly shunning its duty to the local music community. Readers grumble about the lack of coverage on their favourite Vancouver bands (often times we suspect these "readers" are in these bands —but that's neither here nor there, somebody's got to like them). Let's face it though, the "scene" here is not what it was not so very long ago. The people who created the energy and tension to make Vancouver vibrate have either laid their weapons to rest or have gone on to tell the rest of the world about it. It's a fact of life you can't stay in one place too long or else you'll self-destruct due to inertia. But where is the undercurrent of new faces, ideas, and attitudes? They're out there in the sea of change, but we'll have to wait for the tide to come back in to drop all that flotsam on the beach, and *then* make something out of it.

In the meantime, *Discorder* will do its best to keep the ship afloat. This month, we talk with Barry Taylor and Greg Hathaway of **Roots Round-Up**, and find out what moves these people to move so many others with their hybrid of international dance music. The secret of their success? They're very serious about not taking themselves too seriously.

For those of you who witnessed the **Butthole Surfers**' manic extravaganza last month at Graceland, you might be interested in learning more about the Buttholes' brethren, a herd of beastly bands with names like **Big Black**, **Live Skull**, **and Scratch Acid**. Mike Dennis fills in the black holes with some timely information on these and others, the *New Noisemongers*.

So, Andy Warhol passed on a few months ago and it is unlikely that he'll be back to comment on the plethora of paens that have and will continue to appear in his wake. So why not have some fun? Andy did and so does Dana Alvaro in a short story about what his passing away has made others do, think and say.

Mark Mushet takes a break from his *Stream of Vitriolic Contempt...and Bitter Cynicism* this month, but the CITR programme guide, *Spin List*, and *Local Motion* are all where supposed to be, right before your eyes! Also, this issue sees the return of *Generic Comix* and *Life Among The Earthlings*. Read on!

BEHIND THE DIAL

Last month's *Tape-A-Mania*, held April 1st to celebrate CITR's five years on FM, was, by all accounts, a veritable success thanks to Ian Hunter and Irwin Oostindie, who coordinated the project, Commercial Electronics and Co-op Radio for supplying equipment, engineers Craig Burner and Glen Reely, and also to Gord Badanic, Victor Bonduroff, Pamela Neelands, and Harry Hertscheg. Of course it wouldn't have been possible without the consent of the bands involved: **Stubborn Blood**, **Red Herring**, **The Hip Type**, and **Terminal City**. CITR would like to hear from listeners who taped the programme by dropping a line to the station, 6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 2A5. For those of you who thought the programme was a success and would like to extend thanks to one of your favourite bands by way of a $5 donation, you can write to them at the following addresses.

Stubborn Blood
4513, West 13th Avenue
Vancouver V6L 2V5

Red Herring
#3-650, Kingsway
Vancouver V5T 3K4

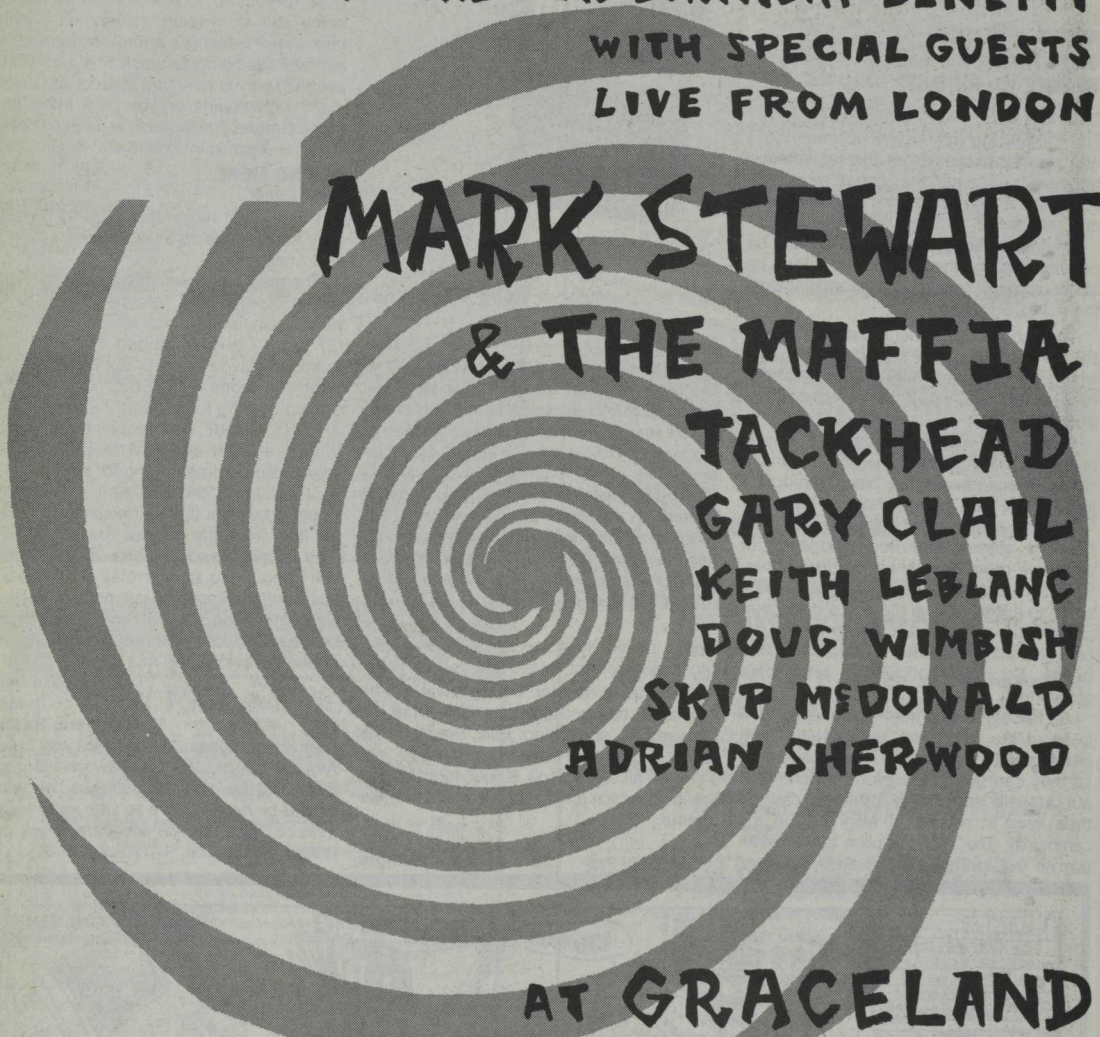
The Hip Type
c/o Life After Bed
CITR

Terminal City
89, East 26th Avenue
Vancouver V6B 2G6

Well, it's not over yet! CITR wants all of you to come to its Big Birthday Benefit Bash Tuesday, June 9th at Graceland. Also invited are **Mark Stewart & The Maffia**, **Tackhead**, **Gary Clail**, **Adrian Sherwood**, **Doug Wimbish**, **Skip McDonald**, and **Keith Leblanc**. These are the fellows who base their operations out of On-U Sound from London and have created the biggest, brashest dance beat for miles around with hits like *Rockchester*, *Stormy Weather*, *Freak Out*, *No Sell Out*, *Hypnotized*, *Hard Left*, and *Mind At The End Of Its Tether*. It's a five-hour performance where they're going to put the bass in your face and the beat in your feet. So listen up for more details on what will be THE concert of 1987.

Finally, the CITR Open House held in early March was another success, with staff members welcoming over 300 guests who were given brief but informative tours of the station studios. Perhaps CITR will be fortunate enough to invite you again next year, but in the meantime if you have any questions or comments, the post box is your best bet.

The Editor



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THE BACK ALLEY BEAT PALACE
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THE BIG SOUND IS COMING ON-U

LOVE YA CUMBIAS

Dear CITR-

I really enjoyed listening to your Latin American music programme last Friday (Mar. 13) from 9:00 to midnight. I love "cumbias" and hope that Alfredo Chavez' show will be a regular CITR feature!

Sincerely,
Lesley Thomson

ART VS. POLITICS, OR IS THAT REALITY VS. FANTASY?

Dear Airhead,

The Billy Bragg interview (February 1987) was less a discussion of the relationship between politics and music than a celebration of social democrats who can play güitar and tell jokes.

Comrades Johal and Edge should be commended for their attempt to inform us about using pop music as a weapon against the ruling class.

They should be denounced for allowing BB to get away with superficial remarks where we deserved serious answers with respect to the Labour party, folk music, and '(f)art.'

But my big complaint about the review is the idle comment about organizing mass benefit concerts for the New Democrats just like the Red Wedge show for Labour.

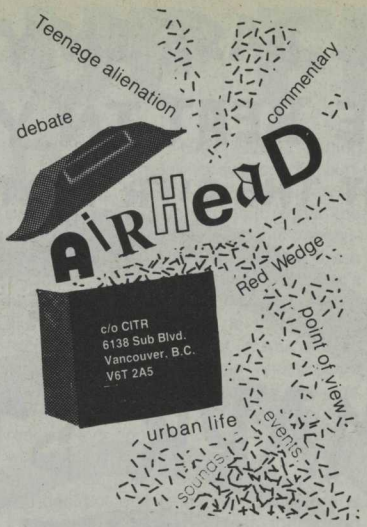
Writers Johal and Edge ask 'Why not here?' I answer that Red Wedge is an exclusive promotion *by* Labour *for* Labour. Socialists and other interested people who come to a Red Wedge gig find a controlled show: little political discussion inside the hall and no criticism of Labour from the bands. So much for raising youth consciousness.

All Labour wants from youth is *votes—just like the NDP*. The Young New Democrats and their ilk want a Red Wedge here so they can get support for the NDP without actually mobilizing youth to change their lives at school, at work and in the community. The YND's solution to the downturn in the struggle is 'politically correct' beer, 'politically correct' meat products, 'politically correct' music and voting NDP.

But the stress for the renewal of the fightback has got to be on activism at the grassroots, something Billy Bragg sings about a lot but we have to carry out.

After all, rock'n'roll is just fantasy and political rock'n'roll is just a variation on the theme.

In Solidarity,
Ian Weniger



Keep those letters coming! Airhead *has been receiving more mail lately than Michael J. Fox and it is gratifying to know that there are people who do care enough to write. After all, this is your column to voice your opinion on any matter, whether it has to do with* Discorder *or nothing at all. Unfortunately we can not print all your letters because of stringent space limitations, so please make them short and succinct. If your letter does not get printed, and you would still like a reply, just say so and include a return address.* Airhead *will do its best to honour your request.*

FALSE ADVERTISING

In your Magazine for February 1987 I notice that you on page 23 refer to "Masqualero" as the #1 Swedish Jazz Quintet. As you will see from the enclosed flyer the jazz band Masqualero is a Norwegian band.

Yours sincerely
Tor Virding Consul
Royal Norwegian Consulate General

Discorder *stands corrected and we understand the Norwegian government's concern in not wanting a prime cultural export mistaken as being Swedish. It is a common problem for us here in Canada, too. How many Norwegians do you think know that Lorne Greene, Raymond Burr, or even Glass Tiger, are not from the USA?*

ASK NO MORE

Dear Editor

It is with great regret that I, Marta Baresh, may not be able to enjoy another issue of your magazine.

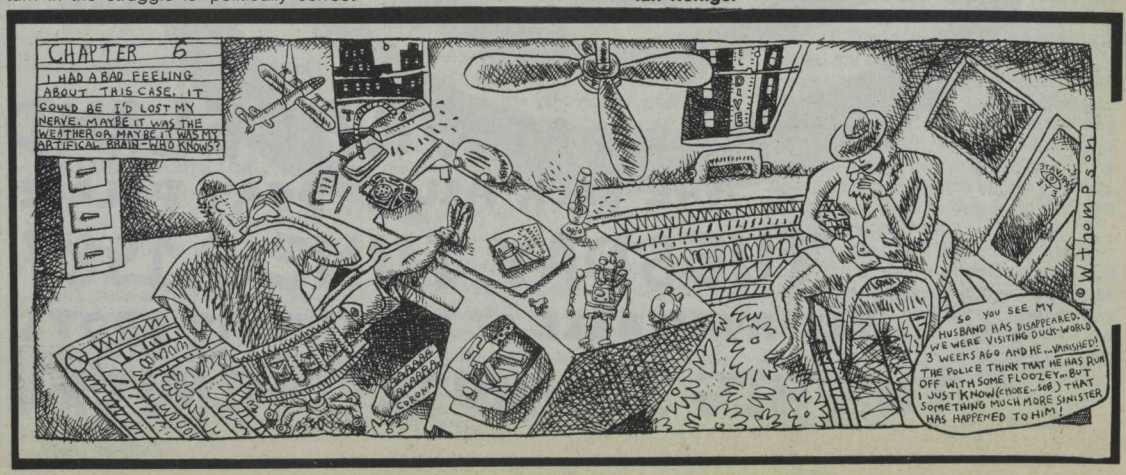
The mag has been staple reading material since issue #1. Maybe even before, I can't remember. Upon receiving my April '87 issue I quickly flipped through trying to find my favourite part—the William Thompson cartoons—GENERIC COMIX. But aghast nothing to be seen!

How's Diana? What about Duck World? Where is Duck World? Who is Diana and why is our hero searching for her?

Questions I thought April's *Discorder* would answer. Is there a reasonable excuse for this? Has the creator run out of ink? God let's hope not. Will he return in May? Will I be able to sit and relax at Kits Beach this summer knowing our hero is hard at work avenging all evil doers that stand between his ultimate goal? What is his goal anyways? God I'm a wreck!!

Please help,
Thanks,
A Generic Reader

Look down, generic reader, look way down. All your queries will be answered in good time. Just have a little patience. We know it must be hard to have so little in life to live for, but Discorder *will do whatever we can to help you.*



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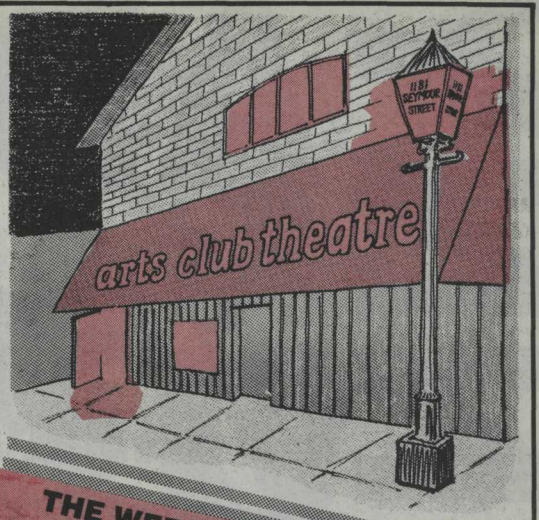

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THE CRYPT KICKER 5
10 ORAF Art Opening
15/16 from Detroit
VIV AKAULDREN with guests
24 GONE
22/23 NEW BAND BLOWOUT
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Omnisquid
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ROOTS ROUND UP

Playing Is The Name Of Their Game

by Michael Shea

IT WAS NOT SO VERY LONG AGO that if one frequented the local clubs and discotheques, it seemed absolutely necessary to associate oneself with a particular group by adopting a similar mode of dress, manner of attitude, and, most importantly, a taste in music. For many people this was a vain attempt to placate that innate fear that everyone feels at one time or another, of not belonging; others, less self-conscious, used it as a means of personal discovery and wore their colours proudly in their hair. This 'taking of sides' was reflected by the opinions of CITR listeners who claimed to hold rigid views on all styles, in Letters to the Airhead and in the Listeners' Surveys. It came to the point where ridiculous categories of music had to be invented just so that everyone knew where they were supposed to stand; more industrial appliance noise, less reggae cow-punk, more operatic disco, less hardrock hip hop, ad nauseum...and at the end of the day everyone was singing the same old song.

People had to hide their guilty pleasures in the closet for fear of being ostracized by their peers. How could one admit to liking Nocturnal Emissions *and* Johnny Cash? Was it possible to be a skinhead yet enjoy dancing to Donna Summer? These were some of the questions we secretly had to ask ourselves while attempting to justify the contradictions that, it soon became apparent, are inherent in human nature. But this in itself is not at all a bad thing; once one realized that music is a powerful medium of communication, it became time to rejoice in all the various ways music could communicate a message. All seeming contradictions became irrelevant because, to paraphrase a quote from Oscar Wilde, "There is no such thing as moral or immoral music. Music is well written, or badly written. That is all." And yes, it is possible to have read and understood Karl Marx and still like *We Built This City on Rock'n'Roll*.

This is 1987, and it is time to negate all the pretenses of making music and be true to the spirit of music as communication. Let it be called, once again, getting back to our roots; not to the root of white culture, but of all cultures. Let music be that

powerful medium to unite all people on an emotional, visceral level that transcends the artificiality of political, economic, and social obstructs. Let me introduce you to **Roots Round-Up**, a local music group that aspires to do exactly that.

Roots Round-Up. You've probably seen their name on any lamp-post or telephone pole in the downtown area. You may have even seen them play at one of our city's finer live music venues. They're the ones who don't limit themselves by adopting a particular mode of dress, manner of attitude, or taste in music.

"We're able to play whatever kind of music we want. There are no limitations on this band," claims Greg '2-Shirts' Hathaway, singer and acoustic guitar player of Roots Round-Up. Mmmm....well, how would you describe it to the uninitiated?

"We play dance music – international dance music. It could be music people dance to in another country."

True enough. Roots Round-Up, in the short time they've been playing on the local club circuit, have managed to mix and match different musics from different cultures with an admirable display of spontaneity and virtuosity. And they seem to have such a great time while they're doing it. This talent has helped them to attract a legion of fans who are just as eclectic as the music Roots Round-Up play.

"Everybody, I hope, listens to different kinds of music," says Barry Taylor, drummer extra-ordinaire and formerly of local pop icons **The Young Canadians** and **Shanghai Dog,** among others. "If you're a player and you draw your influences from so many different places even though, let's say, you're playing in a hard-core thrash band, you might be a big band fanatic. With us, if you like doing a hard-core thrash song, do it; a big band song, then do it."

"Or even a swing reggae tune," adds a mirthful Greg.

Roots Round-Up don't just copy different styles of music and pump out generic versions of the tried and true. They are adept at adapting to their influences and in the process developing their own style.

"Basically, we're playing with emotions and your own personality is coming out in the music," says Barry. "I find in Roots

Round-Up I don't play a drum set the way a drum set is usually played. I attack it from a different angle. I play more melodically, rather than being a metronome, because of the nature of the music. You have to play rhythm and melody on the same instrument."

The band is currently back to its roots, comprised of the three original members, Greg, Barry, and Dymitri Strachan, the smiling trombone player.

"Everyone's got to be able to work together and be happy in the situation, and be happy with what they're doing, with the music they're playing," stresses Greg.

This apparently was not the case with John, Ian, Tim, or Hamm, past members of the band who have since departed on amicable terms to follow other musical pursuits. This hasn't fazed the original three, though, who share a common goal with the people who are helping to promote them, and they are all very confident with the progress that they've made to date.

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by Mike Dennis

Dear Mr. Know-It-All,
Occasionally on that nifty radio out at UBC called CITR I'll hear this really keen, twisted, sort of music with really, like, scratchy guitars and guys singing like they're insane or something. Then these really deranged DJs with names like Travis Bickle (didn't he used to drive a taxi?) and Mickey Likesit come on the air and rave about these, like, totally twisted bands like Scratch Acid, Honeymoon Killers, *and* Killdozer. *These weird DJs (my mom calls them sickos) call these bands* "The New Noisemongers" *and talk about these songs with titles like "Mary Had a Little Drug Problem", and "Expressway to Your Skull". They claim the songs are about axe-murderers, sexual perversion, and stuff. My parents have threatened to ground me if tthey catch me listening to this music anymore. And my big sister always puts on records by Gene Loves Jezebel and the Cult instead because she claims these* Noisemonger *bands look too "normal". Oh yeah, and my snotty little brother, the skateboard rat, says these "Noise" bands suck because they don't play as fast as D.R.I. or Raw Power. But my 92-year-old grandpa, he's senile and sits in a corner all day talking to himself, loves it when I crank up our stereo when these bands come on.*

Please, Mr. Know-It-All, tell me more about these totally fab "New Noisemonger" bands, or I'll just die, ya know?

Peace, Love, and Granola,
Virginia V. Alley

DEAR MISS ALLEY: YES, VIRginia, I have heard of these bands referred to as the "*New Noisemongers*" and I will endeavour to fulfill your inquiry as to the precise origin and evolution of this apparent deviation of the music norm for contemporary youth. I undertook some rather

Scratch Acid, four likeable lads from Austin

extensive exploratory research on the subject of this phenomenon and what follows is my theorem: the "*New Noisemonger*" bands, as my source refers to them, are a "vomit-like" reaction to the homogeneity and blandness which have permeated even the "alternative" music scene. Parameters for the "right" type and speed of music, lyrical content, political stance, and proper mode of dress were being forced on the various factions within the "underground" music scene. Factions or "cliques" being affected by the aforementioned parameters included: hardcore, industrial, metal, "jangly-guitar" pop, deathrock, post-punk dance, as well as many others. So a few years ago, a number of bands around the United States apparently said to themselves, "To fuck with fashion, or the ıcool' musical form, we're going to play whatever the hell we feel like and damn the consequences!" As circumstance would have it, a lot of these bands started to become quite popular. Now, you're probably saying to yourself: "Haven't they created a uniform fashion among themselves?" The answer is NO, because my source just calls them the "*New Noisemongers*" for reference's sake. He could just as easily call them "*The Perusers of Dissonance*", or else nothing at all. The name is just a reference point. There are no rules with these bands. They play whatever they like, use whatever instruments they want, and couldn't give a shit if you or I like it or not. But these bands have tended to become lumped in with various underground music scenes, either art-damage, hardcore, or industrial, to put it loosely. The reason: nobody else in the mainstream music industry will have them, yet. No clubowner or record company magnate with dollar signs in his eyes is going to sign these bands. They have had to tread the underground water alongside such groups as **Algebra Suicide**, GG Allin and the Scumfucs, and **Roach Motel**. But even this is changing, what with bands like Hüsker Dü inking big-time contracts. Yet, I really don't think the public is ready to see a **Butthole Surfers'** *Blind Eye Sees All* video follow a Lionel Ritchie number on MTV. However, stranger things have happened.

Perhaps the leading band of this unruly mob is one **Scratch Acid**, from Austin, Texas. Now Austin is indeed a music town, but better known for the likes of Stevie Ray Vaughan, or the Fabulous Thunderbirds. Scratch Acid appear to be four quite amiable lads, even a bit quiet; that is, until they grab their instruments. Then the disfiguration takes place and they hit you like a runaway Winnebago full of drunken tourists. You are floored by booming drums, gouging guitars, and a rumbling, pogoing bass. Singer David Yow moans and wails like a man being dragged off to the electric chair. The music is heavy, challenging, yet melodic. They sound like the Birthday Party meets Led Zeppelin on a bad acid trip. Reports have it that they are dynamic and unpredictable live; lead singer Yow apparently got so carried away with the excitement at a packed gig one night that he reached down in his pants and pulled out a brown substance and hurled it at an astonished crowd. A near-riot broke out. Scratch Acid's lyrical contents are confrontational – they talk about men setting their wives on fire, cannibals ripping flesh, and derelicts. And these are some of the lighter subjects they touch on.

Scratch Acid is, at the moment, overshadowed by another legendary reject band from Austin: the **Butthole Surfers**, who seem to be getting more press in town lately than Michael J. Fox. Musically, I prefer Scratch Acid. And as soon as everybody sees through all the hype surrounding the Buttholes and realize they actually can't *play* their instruments, they will prefer them too. Or maybe not. If you are curious about the Acid boys, check out their latest EP *Berserker* out on Touch & Go records, their brilliant *Just Keep Eating* LP, or their debut *Scratch Acid* EP on Rabid Cat Records. Interestingly, neither the Butthole Surfers nor Scratch Acid are considered to be much in their home town of Austin, even among the music press, who tend to ignore them in favour of more cheerful pop bands such as Timbuk 3, Zeitgeist or the True Believers. But eyes are being opened as the "Noise" bands are selling a phenomenal number of records. The Buttholes even managed to buy their own house – "Look dear, we have new neighbours, hmmmm, I wonder why that man has a nurse's smock on, with a bra on over top."

The midwest of America is an unexpected place to see new, unconventional bands originate from. *Killdozer* comes out

Killdozer are hicks and proud of it

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THE EDGE

of the typical American college town of Madison, Wisconsin – rah, rah, Ronnie Reagan, cute cheerleaders, and all that. They take delight in mutilating Lynyrd Skynyrd's *Sweet Home Alabama*, ZZ Top's *LaGrange* and Jesse Coulter's *I'm Not Lisa*. But they just don't do hilarious covers, they have their own rave-up originals like *Ed Gein*, their tribute to the insane grave-robber. These boys admit to being hicks and are proud of it; but they make some great squealing and grinding, er, music.

Live Skull brings home the bait

The Midwest has also burped up **Big Black**, out of Chicago. Big Black plays a mind-blowing form of music which can closely be described as post-punk industrial fusion. Singer and guitarist Steve Albini was run out of his home state of Montana by the local rednecks. So he moved to Chicago, formed Big Black and has since become somewhat of a legend in the American underground circuit. Big Black does songs about decapitation, mass murders, and the like.

One wouldn't expect such upstart bands to come out of the Midwest, or Good Old Boy territory, but they might expect them to surface in the Big Apple. Yes, Travis Bickle's favourites, the **Honeymoon Killers**, hail from New York City and they are weird (must be something in the water). They are rumoured to be close personal friends of David Letterman, and feature wall-of-sound guitar, major feedback, shrieking vocals, and manic percussion. Reports have it that at a recent concert, opening for the Buttholes, the audience stood in dumbfounded amazement while being literally pushed backwards by the Noise. Then there is **Live Skull**, another NY outfit, who play spastic, discordant guitar chords and have a drummer who uses a hammer. Homestead displayed good sense and signed them. They are probably the only dance band that can make you happy while singing about amputation, torture, child murderers, and the like.

Yes, Virgina, these are some of the new breed of noise bands surfacing in America. There are lots more: **Sonic Youth**, the **U-Men**, and **Happy Flowers**, among others. They all have records out, some even have videos. For a great sampler of these "Sultans of Earaches" check out the *God's Favourite Dog* compilation LP out on Touch & Go Records. Some of your friends might dig these bands; others may liken them to the breath of an Aardvark. But the "Noisemongers" (or whatever you want to call them) are here, they are creating a stir, they are expanding the musical boundaries a tad further. Most of the members of these bands are intellectual-type college graduates gone astray: they quit their jobs as teachers, accountants, and mathematicians to play oddball music. They don't give a shit about fashion, or what you might think about their confrontational lyrics. These bands could flop on their faces tomorrow, or they might be the next Beatles (God forbid!). They are there; check them out if you wish. Next question?☆

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In Warhol's Wake

"To know death you have to fuck life in the gall bladder" from Warhol's Frankenstein

by Dana Alvaro

IT WAS FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE CLUB AND I WAS in the smoke shop selling my wares: menthols, kings and extra lights. Satisfied shoppers were just leaving when Sid walked in. Sid was an artist of sorts. We had met a few months earlier, and usually managed an interesting conversation in the midst of the nightclub madness. He sat in one of two chairs in the tiny room. I could tell he was in the mood for an arousing episode of prattle. So I finished up behind the counter, restocked matches and counted change, while Sid settled in with his Heineken.

We had just begun an intriguing discussion on political propaganda in the media, when a new face strolled in. Before I had a chance to recite the brand names of the evening, he juggled a drink and cigarette in his left hand and offered me his right. "My name's David. You two looked so comfortable in here, I thought I'd take a break from the crowd and join you."

With introductions aside, David told us about an art show he had been to earlier in the evening. He thought it had been quite a success, "as far as art shows in this city go." He was an artist, as well, and had recently sold a painting he had completed of Andy Warhol. "Kind of eerie, isn't it?" I nodded my head in agreement. I could see David was beginning to enjoy himself. He sat back in the other chair and took a long, slow sip of his drink.

Meanwhile, Sid was out in left field. "What do you mean, 'eerie'? What's so eerie about selling your painting?" "It's not selling my painting that's eerie," David said. "But it's a painting of Andy Warhol. I sold it a few days before he died. *That's* the eerie part." Apparently Sid makes a habit of ignoring the six o'clock news, the *New York Times* and *People* magazine. I imagined Sid was no stranger to left field. He was stunned; no one had told him. "I'm stunned, no one told me.... So Andy Warhol's dead... When did it happen, where, how?"

"About two weeks ago," I answered wearily. I hated being the bearer of bad news. "New York City. He had a heart attack." He was 58 and he had a heart attack. For some peculiar reason I never thought Andy Warhol would die.

David picked up the slack by prophesying an international resurgence of Pop Art. "Of course," I said, "it's bound to happen. A posthumous revival of the artist's work usually does. Immortality is linked to the arts."

"Sure it is," David replied, "but I remember reading somewhere that Warhol was afraid of growing old."

"Well, who isn't?" Sid asked.

"I know, I know, but Warhol was obsessed with it." David was sitting on the edge of his chair; ice cubes tinkled in his glass. "He surrounded himself with beautiful, young people. It was almost as if he thrived on them. I think he was jealous of youth."

"I think he *conquered* youth." I was in the mood for an argument. "As long as I can remember, that man has always looked the same. His glasses and hair and his expression. He usually had the same look in every picture. I think he stopped aging a long time ago." Sid couldn't wait to agree with me. "I think she's right, you know. Maybe he was afraid of old age, but he didn't seem to get any older, did he?" As an afterthought he added, "So was that a wig or his real hair?"

"Who cares about his hair," David blurted, "the man was an artist, but even *that* is questionable." I could barely contain myself. "What do you mean, 'questionable'? There's no question about it. The man was a genius. Who else thought to silkscreen the stars or paint canvases of soup cans?" Then David asked, "Do you call a soup can art?"

There I was, the only one in the room who didn't claim to be an artist, defending my concept of art. What a night. "The very *idea* of envisioning that can as art is unparalleled. And isn't the *idea* the *basis* of art?" I said. At this point I was hoping that someone in the crowd was dying for a cigarette and would walk through the door any second.

"I agree with all of that," David answered, still on the edge of his seat. His ice cubes had melted by this time. "I agree with the idea, but was he a genius or just lucky? I think he was lucky."

"How can you attribute luck to so much talent and success?" I asked. "Was it just luck that he produced so many films and wrote so many books and published his own magazine and hosted his own talk show?"

Sid finally intercepted the line of fire. "Wasn't it Andy Warhol who said something about the right place at the wrong time?" David and I looked at Sid and grinned. There was nothing left to do but finish our drinks with a toast to the artist. After all, it had turned into something of a celebration.

So the boys finally disappeared into the crowd, to dance and drink and meet who knows who. I almost sold out of cigarettes that night, it was so busy. But I couldn't stop thinking how the most simple things in life are so sweet, and how funny Warhol's dachshund, Archie, must have looked dressed as the Pope. ☆

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VINYL VERDICT

U2
The Joshua Tree
Island Records

It has been three years since the release of U2's last studio LP, and the new disc is finally out. Has the wait been worth it? Well, it depends what you were waiting for.

If you were waiting for an album that basically fills the same mould as its predecessor, *The Unforgettable Fire*, then yes, the wait has been worth it. The Brian Eno/ Daniel Lanois produced, *Joshua Tree* album basically gives you more of the same: a toned down, lush guitar sound.

Nine of the eleven tracks are cast in clay. Sometimes they work (*I Still Haven't Found What I Am Looking For*, and *One Tree Hill*) and sometimes they don't (Exit, and *Mothers Of The Disappeared*). None of them, however, come close to the defiant, idealistic, emotional power of, let's say, *Pride In The Name Of Love*).

If,on the other hand, you were waiting for an album that boldly explored new musical directions, and/or harked back to the rawer, more energetic sound of their two best LPs, *Boy* and *War*, well for the most part, you are still waiting.

Although Steve Lilywhite, producer of the aforementioned albums, is back mixing four of the tracks, the rawer sound is just not there. On the bright side, however, are two tracks — *Running To Stand Still* and *Trip Through Your Wire* — that do explore some new musical directions. This I credit to the influence of Little Steven Van Zandt, Jimmy Iovine, and T-Bone Burnett. These three individuals, along with a host of others, are acknowledged in the 'thanks to' section of the album. ***Stephen Gold***

T-Bone Burnett
T-Bone Burnett
MCA Records

T-Bone Burnett managed to escape his production duties with Elvis Costello, Peter Case et al last summer to record this fine solo LP, featuring some tasteful arrangements of country-flavoured songs. With help from such musicians as Los Lobos' David Hidalgo on 8-string, guitar, accordian and vocals, Jerry Douglas on dobro, Byron Berline on fiddle and Jerry Scheff on string bass, this project could not fail to impress.

The outstanding original songs are *River Of Love* and *Oh No Darling* and he does a wonderful version of Tom Waits' *Time* as well as a classic Billy Swan song, *No Love At All*.

Douglas' dobro work is a delight (check his LP *Under The Wire* on the MCA Master Series for more evidence), and Berline, who will appear at this year's folk festival, is a superb fiddle player. The harmonies with Hidalgo work extremely well, too.

T-Bone Burnett LPs are a rarity. His last one, *Proof Through The Night*, came out four or five years ago. When this LP was released in the U.S.A. in January there were no plans to release it here in Canada. Thankfully, MCA have put that situation right. Now it's your turn. If you like acoustic music and exemplary performances then this record is strongly recommended. ***Steve Edge***

Mantronix
Music Madness
Sleeping Bag Records

If the Beastie Boys play sophomoric jinks to entertain pre-pubescent teens, then Mantronix play gritty hip hop blues for beatniks. They're just too damn cool to be numero uno on the hit parade. *Music Madness*, the first album release from this New York-based black and white duo, is ultra-electronic and if you find a drum machine a bad sign then be warned, but I say anyway, listen up! Mantronix speaks sound dynamics and what they do with those wavelengths is weave a hard-edged sonic slink that is as warm as it is cool. This is seductive dance muzak that aims right for those points along your spine that release the energy to make you move. Mantronix occasionally melds this bass beat rhythm with a memorable melody, and before you know it you're humming the tune as well as moving to it. And they don't give you an excess rap about how astonishingly potent they are because the music speaks for itself. It's bad and it's mad. Hey, they can even emulate a mouth organ and pull off a hip hop swing song like *Big Band B-Boy* with a twist and an edge that doesn't let you forget where this noise is coming from. Mantronix means human electronics. Get wired to it. ***Mix St. Ché***

Vertical Laughter
A Canoe trip down Weird River
Vertical Records

When I heard that these guys were on a record, I couldn't wait to get my two cents' worth. Partly because I've had to see them live on three occasions opening for bands I *wanted* to see. I wasn't sure what to expect on a record, because the first time I saw them (with Omnisquid at Channel 1 Klub), the sound system was bad and so were they, so I left after two songs. But with Nick Cave at the Town Pump, they didn't sound too bad at all and I even liked some of the tunes, so I bought the record.

One thing I can say about the record is it's original. The ideas are fairly intelligent and new, with some very weird and sometimes quite complex arrangements.

The recordings are raw and upbeat, never softening enough for dance muisic lovers to stomach, yet never getting hard or fast enough to get hardcores jumping into walls either.

The songs vary drastically: there's the screaming distorted gusto of *Break Glass* and *Suckcess* or the more calculated rock songs *V.L.* and *Public Bodies*, the snappy, traditional *Protocol*, and then an oddball tune like the silly heavy-metallic-fuck-bandish song *Wipe Your Beer All Over Me, Baby*. The last song on the record is a ridiculous rendition of CBC's *Friendly Giant* theme.

The production and playing isn't air tight, but the lyrics seem well thought out and the music is fresh. ***Dan Robbins***

NoMeansNo
Sex Mad
Alternative Tentacles

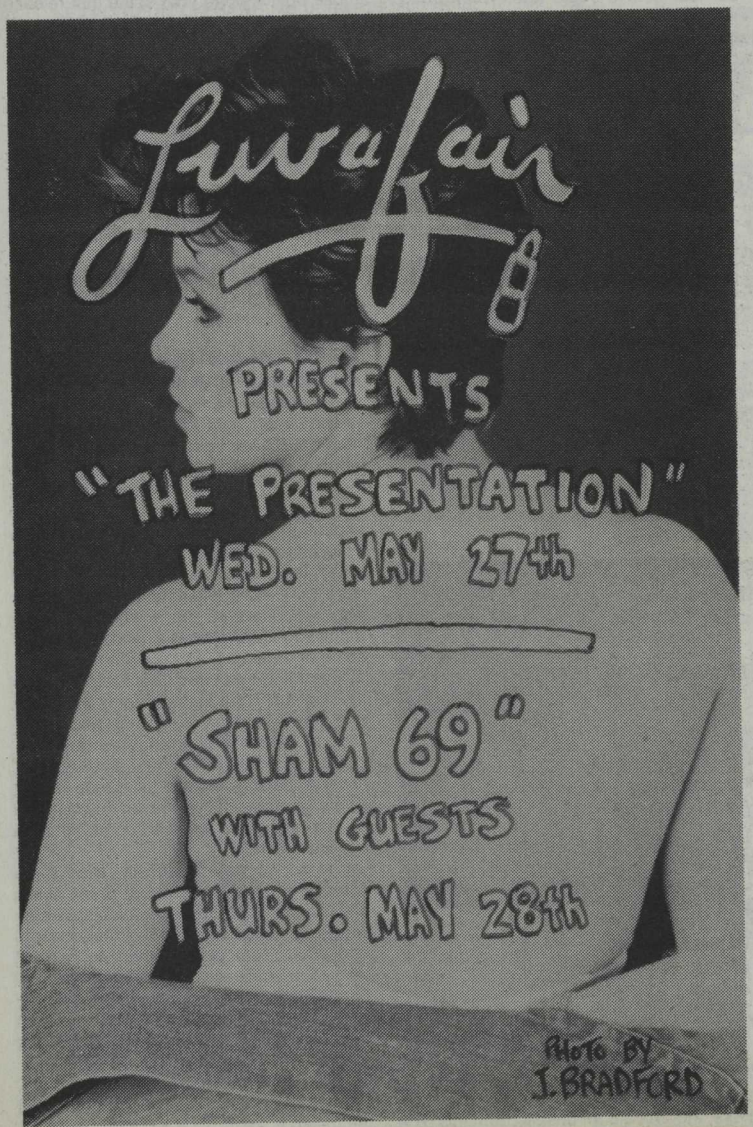
Finally, it's here: the first LP from that trio of thrashers from that city to the west. While crafted in Victoria it sounds and feels like it was fashioned in the suburbs of the U.S. *Sex Mad* focuses on a gaggle of psychological conditions, anxiety, self pity, deadly sperm build-up, and fear. They're all here. *Sex Mad* is about what happens when you live at home with your parents for too long. It's about what happens when you go out with too many unstable women. It's about what happens when life sucks.

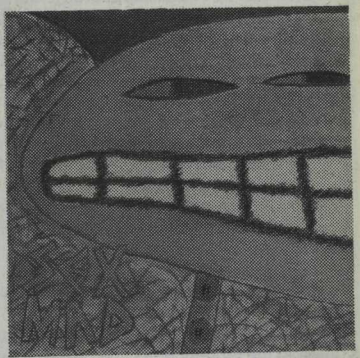
If you've seen NoMeansNo within the last year and a half you'll have heard all of these tracks before, but if you haven't imagine jazz-like bass lines charbroiled over polyrhythmic African drumming and then smothered with frenetic and twitchy guitar riffs and you'll have the flavour of *Sex Mad*. This is sophisticated thrash. Lyrically and musically it combines for a complete aural sculpture of a disturbed young mind. *Sex Mad* shifts through crashing power chords and jerky guitar ejaculations and never once gets stuck in the post-punk mire. This is due largely to Rob Wright's deft bass playing and John Wright's explosive drumming. As a rhythm section they are far more inventive than most others. Their approach to their instruments grabs you by the face and doesn't let go. Add to this Andy Kerr's six-string injections and you get the feeling of main-lining with ice-water. The effect is intense, it's overpowering, it's radical, man. This is sonic dissonance the way it should be.

The lyrics on *Sex Mad* sound like they were all conceived by someone lying on a bed and staring at the ceiling of his room in his parents' house. They're angry and poignant. They're about reaching that point between personal helplessness and breaking out into your own world. *Self Pity* is a quasi-mantra for the dejected. *Love Thang* has wicked shades of hate and bitterness all through it. The title track is blind with pure, unadulterated lust. Then there is the brilliant *Dad*. The terror with which Kerr sings this one is chilling. It's a horror show of Oedipal proportions. It gives new meaning to the phrase "trouble at home".

Sex Mad is one more example of just how good our alternative scene is here in Vancouver. Buy it and make yourself happy.

Mark Quail





Condition
Red, Hot and Blue
Amok

Personal memories of Condition date back to two early songs, *Play Me that Rhythm* and *Stranded in the Jungle*. Not memories to be cherished. They annoy me to this

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day; it's traumatic but you learn to live with it. *Play* could be described with one word —lame; *Stranded* with one more word —lamer. It has probably become evident by now that from the inception of our relationship I did not care for the music of this band from Montreal. In fact, Condition could effortlessly illicit a cringe and a frenzied search for a volume control. Then Condition put out an LP *Mumbo Jumbo*. Still, the effect remained the same. A couple live shows, the condition worsened. Annoyance quickly turning to distaste to disgust. Let's face it, a positive review of their new EP ain't too likely. But it would be a challenge to step back and give it a fair shake.

Condition attempt to create an atmosphere of swingin' sultry film-noire cool. It's an attitude. A style with little relevant substance. Yet, a saxman and a new guitar player, and time, have made Condition a better group. On record and especially live the focal point is singer/combo organ player Julia Gilmore. She hits the notes, but who cares what she's singing about? Relating to tunes like *Havanna*, *Way Down Deep* and *Boogie Man* is difficult. Mood music with little relevance. The EP includes two gutsy or stupid (take your pick) cover versions, the classic *Fever* and Screamin' Jay Hawkins' *I Put a Spell on You*. It takes nerve to cover *Fever* for the zillion and oneth time, lord does it take nerve. But it's one of the better ditties on the record. Now, *Spell* is one bad mistake. As in, they should not have gotten in the same room with this song. The vocals are left to one of the male members of the combo, guitarist Philip Lanthier. He does not deliver a particularly good rendition, never mind come close to the original. The voice just isn't there. The best tune is probably the last one, *Why D'ya Do What' Cha' Did?*.

Try, try, try. But alas, Condition does not convert this listener. The problem is inherent in the whole concept behind the band. It seems anchored in a nostalgia for a time and place neither I nor the band lived through, if it ever existed. It just doesn't click. What is the point? What's the relevance? Cut away this extraneous style and maybe Condition could create something. But then I guess it wouldn't be Condition.

Kevin S.

The Style Council
The Cost Of Loving
Polydor

The Style Council's third LP finds Paul Weller in a reflective mood. Whether or not this is a good thing depends on your point of view. For me, this record is like the proverbial curate's egg: good in parts.

The good news is that the Cappucino Kid has been decaffeinated, and his puerile dribblings no longer clutter up the album sleeve. The good news is also that three of the songs have real flashes of brilliance: *Right To Go*, *Fairy Tales* and *The Cost Of Loving*. The bad news is that they remain flashes and that the rest of the record is surprisingly mellow.

Weller the flâneur has returned and here he dishes up a mix of mad-seventies soft soul and boulevard philosophy that is more reminiscent of *Café Bleu* than the more recent *Internationalists*. We get a number

Zonko's latest
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not funny

one lucky dog

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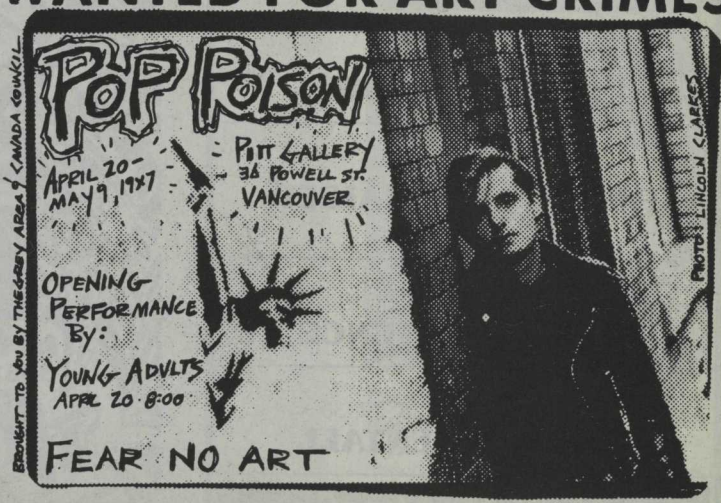


12 MIDNITE

of bona fide love songs, and the best track on the record is mixed by Curtis Mayfield (*Fairy Tales*). Strings, horns and funky, frothy guitars are strongly evident, while lyrics are seemingly of secondary importance. This would all be wonderful from a lesser artist, but we ask more of a former "youth hero" such as Weller, or at least, I do.

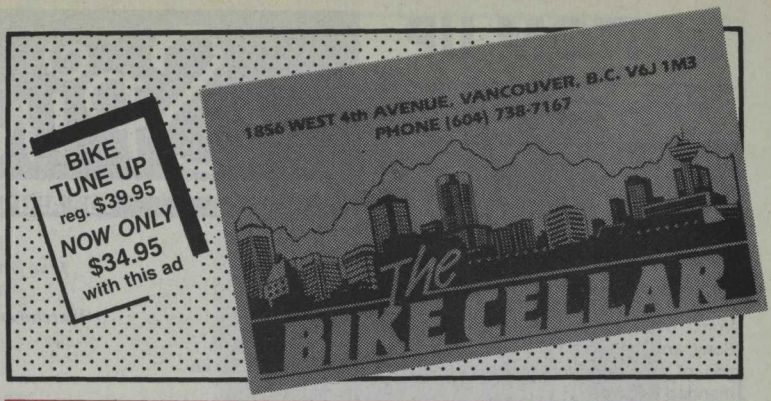
This is easily Weller's least angry album to date, and I really miss the fire and brimstone which characterizes most of his output. Maybe he's just growing old, but personally, I'd rather listen to the fury of *Internationalists* than the navel gazing here. Not that I won't listen to it, mind you. The songs are catchy, and here and there the old fire flashes, as on *Fairy Tales*:

The giant towers over all,
But from close distance she don't seem so big at all.
In fact no more than you or I,
But we give her much more power than her size.

The "she" is of course TINA Thatcher, Weller's favourite female politician. Despite this and *Right To Go* (UK hip hop co-written and rapped by a London trio, the Dynamic Three), there is a general lack of the usual Weller indignation, and it can be no coincidence that this is Weller's first album since the Jam's 1977 record, *This Is The Modern World*, to lack a lyric sheet.

The temptation is to believe that Weller wants to be the Paul McCartney of the 90s, and if he keeps writing stuff like this, AOR, CHR, AC and all the other commercial formats will suddenly "discover" Paul Weller. But this is the man who broke up the Jam at their peak because he didn't want them to end up like the Who or the Stones, an outdated dinosaur. Can he have changed? Can he keep his principles and social conscience deliberately suppressed? I think not and this record is just a one-off, an experiment, and that whatever follows will have more of the usual Weller fire. Whatever the truth, I eagerly await the next TSC communiqué.

Iain Bowman



BOTTOM UP

by Don Chow

WITH ALL THE RECORDS that have been made about South Africa, it's interesting to hear one that's actually from the place. The third **Kalahari Surfers** LP is called *Sleep Armed*, but is interesting regardless of where it's from. The band is basically Mr. Wreck Sony, and the record is a distinctive mutation of jazz and pop styles on Recommended Records.

A lot of neat stuff has been coming out lately on the more established Mute label, and one of the latest is an LP by Wire member **Bruce Gilbert**. *The Shivering Man* demonstrates that Mr. Gilbert is probably the most adventurous of the solo Wires, or at least that he is the most fond of construction sites. This is not just machine-sound, though, as Gilbert has the ability to make these sounds lush and atmospheric. The new **Wire** LP is called *The Ideal Copy* and should be out as you read this.

Also from England, the new **Current 93** record is *Dawn*, and is label-less so you can't tell if it's actually spinning — except for the weird and possessive speaker-emanation which is guaranteed to cause extreme trauma if played to small children in locked closets. Scary and from Sweatbox is *Sht*, an EP from **The Anti-Group**, which comes complete with an informative pamphlet on death and evil. **Bourbonese Qualk** have a new disc out as well, less cardiac-arresting and more song-oriented. It's self-titled.

Closer to home, Seattle's **Skin Yard** have put their debut out on phlegm-coloured vinyl, and thank the bands they sound like on the back cover. It's raw, scraping and fun. From the other coast come the **Washington Squares**, a beat-nik-like new-folk-sound three-piece group whose debut is also self-titled. A catchy record which will not scare anyone except those wary of people with goatees. Also from New York, **M.C. Watchout** has a rap 12" out called *Blind Man's Bluff/Me & My Tom-Tom*. It's on the Body Rock label, a spin-off of Tommy Boy. Try and keep it from moving.

At the absolute opposite end of things is guitarist **David Torn's** *cloud about mercury* on ECM which features Mark Isham on trumpets, Tony Levin on stick and synth-bass, and Bill Bruford on synth-drums. If these names mean anything to you, then you're probably already on your way to the record store. ☆

SPIN LIST

TOP AIRPLAY ALBUMS

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
•D.O.A.	*True North Strong and Free*	Profile
•Go Four 3	*Six Friends*	Zulu
•Hüsker Dü	*Warehouse: Songs and Stories*	WEA
•K.D. Lang	*Angel with a Lariat*	WEA
•Oversoul Seven	*Fool Revelation*	Edge
•Wire	*Snakedrill EP*	Mute
•Dead Kennedys	*Bedtime For Democracy*	Alternative Tentacles
•Ginger Baker	*Horses and Trees*	Celluloid
•Fire Hose	*Ragin', Full-on*	SST
•The Beastie Boys	*Licensed To Ill*	Def Jam/CBS
•Various Artists	*Athens, Ga.*	I.R.S./MCA
•The The	*Infected*	CBS
•Frightwig	*Faster, Frightwig, Kill, Kill*	Caroline
•Holger Czukay	*Rome Remains Rome*	Virgin
•The Mighty Lemon Drops	*Happy Head*	WEA
•The Godfathers	*Hit By Hit*	Corporate Image
•Mantronix	*Music Madness*	10
•Jr. Gone Wild	*Less Art More Pop*	Better Youth
•Culturcide	*Tacky Souvenirs of Prerevolutionary America*	***
•Chris Spedding	*Enemy Within*	New Rose

TOP AIRPLAY SINGLES

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
•Fats Comet	*Rockchester*	World
•Minimal Compact	*Immigrant Song*	Crammed
•Run DMC	*It's Tricky EP*	Profile/Polygram
•The Hip Type	*Let Me In*	Life After Bed
•Front 242	*Interception*	Nettwerk
•Steinski	*We'll Be Right Back*	4th & Broadway
•Nina Hagen & Lene Lovich	*Don't Kill The Animals*	Arista
•The Residents	*Kaw-Liga*	Ralph
•Peter Murphy	*Blue Heart EP*	Polygram
•St. Ché	*Be My...*	Siren

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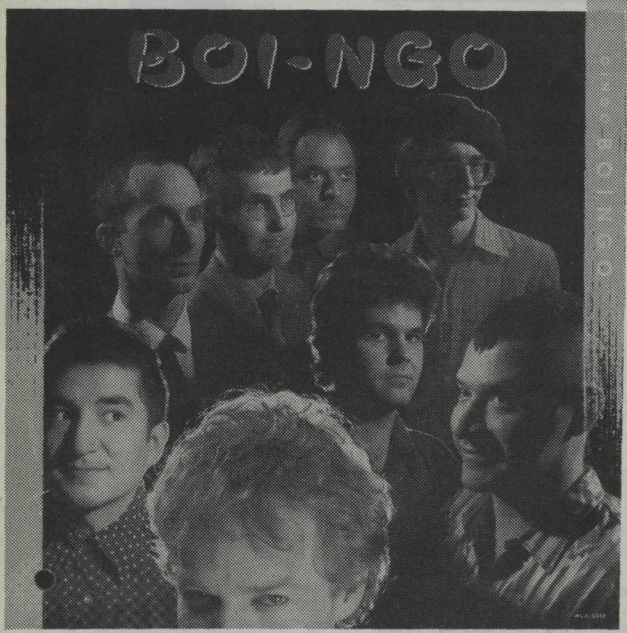

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WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

MORE DINOSAURS
8:00-9:00 pm

THE JAZZ SHOW
9:00-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

04 May Tenor saxophonist extraordinaire Johnny Griffin is coming to Vancouver (May 10)... his career spans over forty years.... tonight we'll hear some highlights of that career with important stops at the Houses of Blakey and Monk. From many recordings.

11 May Walker's favourite Miles Davis recording. It may not be Miles' best or most revoluntionary album. But we'll let Walker tell you about it...

18 May George Adams and Don Pullan (tenor saxophone and piano) lead one of the best contemporary Jazz groups around. Here is their first U.S. (North American) release called "Breakthrough". George, Don, bassist Cameron Brown and the great Dannie Richmond (drums) play it all.

25 May Ornette Coleman's "Free Jazz" is still one of the most revolutionary and radical recording sessions. It was done in 1960 with Ornette, Eric Dolphy (bass clarinet) Freddie Hubbard, Charlie Haden (bass) etc. and had a lasting effect on Jazz music.

TUESDAYS

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS
10:15-11:00 am

Electronic Smoke signals will provide reviews, updates, commentaries, news and information, public educational programing produced to bridge the gap between native, non-native, and natural people and to create awareness and forbearance in our attitude toward nature and the creation that we share perspective with.

RECTAL RECTITUDE
5:30-8:00 pm

Dislodge those constipated valves—shake it up—tune in and expose yourself to music guaranteed to make you flow. Your host: Renato.

TUESDAY WELD
9:30-1:00 am

"If life is a mystery, then who are the suspects?" (T. Weld)

PLAYLOUD
1:00-4:00 am

Sinister Resonance. User unfriendly. Aural surgery performed by Larry Thiessen.

WEDNESDAYS

ANOTHER KIND OF WEDNESDAY
7:30-10:30 am

Start your Wednesday mornings with Sidney Killpigge, as he plays whatever the fuck he wants.

WE BE BOTANISTS
10:30-1:00 pm

Plant Crusaders Grant, Dave and Byron discuss Satanism and its connection with developmental evolution of photosynthetic organisms. Music and refreshments will be provided. No fungus please!

NERVOUS NORBERT & LOUIS LOUIS
1:20-5:00 pm

Hostias, tio!

THE UNDERWORLD
5:30-8:00 pm

Charles Manson's favorite radio show. Anything twisted, psychotic, and loud, we play. No stupid requests. Just the cutting edge in new guitar music, be it rock, blues, pop, noise, art-damage, Bohemian—Ragtime—Funk—Metal, or what have you. With your hosts: Mikey, Carbuncle Kaputnick. And that woman with the seductive voice.

THE AFRICAN SHOW
8:00-9:30 pm

The latest in modern African dance music plus/minus a few oldie but greats and extras. Your way we come every Wednesday at 8:00. Information—News as they come at 8:30 pm. Possible special features at 9:00. Your hosts: Umerah P. Onukwulu and Todd Langmuir. Welcome.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?
Midnight to 4:00 am

Rockin' Patrick is off to organize paramilitary activities in small Third World countries. Travis B. has recovered after his recent incarceration at Riverview. Get prepared for phone Art #1, May 20th.

THURSDAYS

FINE LINES
10:05-11:00 am

A new feature on CITR, courtesy of the fine folks at CFUV, U. of Victoria. A literary program featuring readings and interviews with known and obscure poets and authors. Produced at CFUV and heard across Canada. Hosts are Jim Andrews, Barry MacDougall and Rick Andrews. Tune in and get cultured!

WHAKAWERAWERA THERMAL RESERVE
11:00-1:00 pm

The humble W.T.R. will continue to elude definition and play music that even lemmings will appreciate. From U of K to WLU to UBC. Tune it in and think of other places. What is a Whakawerawera anyway?

THE VINYL FRONTIER
5:30-8:00 pm

Sonic explorers Mike Mines and Robin Razzell test the outer limits of the Spinlist. Psychedelic. Progressive. New. Beam us up, Scottie!

TOP OF THE BOPS
8:00-9:00 pm

TEENAGE TORPOR
9:00-11:00 pm

Possibly the only show in the western world to be named after a T-shirt. So tune in, lie back, and listen to records being spun by a student who's had to compare and contrast the rise of fascism in pre-WWII Japan with the common uses of Cartiesian geometry once too often.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS
11:00 pm-Midnight

Join Pat, Jay and Ian, three people with three letters in their names, for interviews, news, reviews and bugaboos about the local music scene.

ANTHROPOLOGY
Midnight-3:30 am

Radio waves, broadcast omnidirectionally, leave the Earth at the speed of light. Due to the curvature of space, they will return to the point of origin; far in the future we will rediscover our past. The signal may not be strong but it will still be better than commercial radio. Inserting the needle: Matt Richards.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE
7:30-10:30 am

Regular features include multi-dimensional profiles of wilderness issues, feminist ideologies, children's culture, and what's happening around Vancouver. Kirby Hill oversees the whole operation.

01 May Dancing the Rites of Spring—A profile of some of this Spring's hottest dance—New works by Anna Wyman, Karen Jamieson and more.
08 May Art Therapists on creative healing practices. Plus—Children's Festival grounding session.
15 May Lillian Allen, Children's Festival, etc.
22 May ASIA PACIFIC Festival Update
29 May CATS an obsession

TRIBES AND SHADOWS
10:30-11:30 am

A program that explores "New Consciousness." Dreams, myths, cultures and rituals all take context, bridging the gap between Dark and Light. Featuring the innovative, the eclectic and the stirring diversities inherent in the musical fabric of our world. Hosted by Kirby Hill.

01 May Ravi Shankar, a profile.
08 May A mise en scene of Karen Jamieson's "**Rainforests**"
15 May Electro Acoustic Potpourri
22 May ASIA PACIFIC
29 May CATS

CRAPSHOOT
5:30-6:00 pm

Members of UBC's Progressive Conservative, Liberal and N.D.P. clubs discuss federal political issues. Alternately moderated by Stephen Gold and Betsy Goldberg.

NEOFILE
6:00-9:00 pm

More new records than you can shake a stick at, while Kevin Smith suffers extreme humiliation.

THE BIG SHOW
9:00 pm-midnight

Beautiful beat, meglomaniacal mixing, and "dead off the cuff" repartee. With hosts "Man-About-Town" Al Big and Aural Merger Robert Shea.

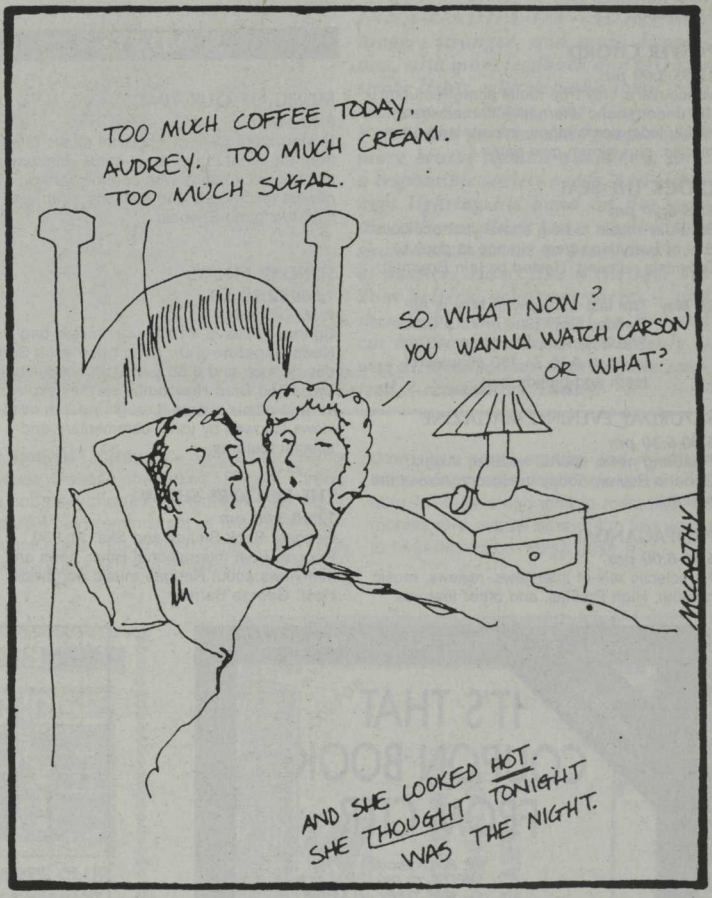
08 May Un saludo especial a todas las madres en su dia. Escuchenos y goze con la musica que les estamos dedicando. Para complacer sus peticiones llamenos al 228-2487.

"The Mega-Mother Show". Once again the Big Show brings you an evening of Latin American music, this time dedicated to the mothers in us all!

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW
Midnight-4:00 am

Paula Rempel, radio sex-goddess, fulfills all (or most) of your requests on the air. (Nothing kinky please—just music). Many surprise guests, some of them famous, all of them interesting.

LIFE AMONG THE EARTHLINGS.



WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE
8:00-12 noon

Host Steve Edge presents Saturday morning radio like you've never heard before! A comprehensive look at acoustic/roots music from around the world, "live" performances recorded in Vancouver, featured artists in and around the "folk" scene, classic British comedy and masses of "rogue folk".

Rooting Around The Globe
8:00-9:00 am

Vancouver "Live"
9:00-9:30 am

The Edge on Folk
9:30-11:00 am

The Edge of Folk returns from the Tuesday evening slot to the more familiar surroundings of Saturday morning. May features:

02 May "May Day Special". Local tape "Hold The Fort" and other songs of workers' struggle.
09 May Stephen Fearing. Vancouver guitarist and resident performer at the all-new Rogue Folk Club at The Savoy.
16 May Richard Thompson solo concert.
23 May Christine Lavin. Fine singer from NYC.
30 May Garnet Rogers. Stan's brother.

Brits Go Home
11:00-11:30 am
The Compleat Monty Python, adapted for radio by putting the boot through the TV screen plus U.K. Sports Report.

New Releases
11:30-noon

POWER CHORD
12:05-3:00 pm
Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

CLOCK THE BEAT
3:00-6:00 pm
Saturday music to help shake your cocktails. Bits of everything from hip-hop to pop. Definitely relaxing. Hosted by Iain Bowman.

30 May The last Saturday in May is All Swedes Day. Tune in for a Clock The Beat special edition: ABBA (almost) A to Z—180 minutes of teeth and blonde hair.

SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE
6:00-6:30 pm
Featuring news, sports, weather, Insight, Generic Review, Today in History, Across the Atlantic.

PROPAGANDA!
6:30-8:00 pm
An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features.

ACROSS THE MERIDIAN
11:00-1:00 am
Paul Funk plays musical bumper cars as Saturday crashes headlong into Sunday... with luck, something special for all Swede's Day.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME
8:00-Noon
Modern 20th Century classical music ranging from the tonal to the avant-garde. Instrumentation in all spheres with commentary on the newest techniques and fashions. With your host Wolfgang Ehebald.

SUNDAY FOCUS
12:00-12:30 pm
6:30-7:00 pm
Sunday Focus is a half-hour "mixed bag" News/Magazine show aired twice each Sunday at noon and 6:30 p.m. Join hosts Libbi Davis and Brad Newcombe as they explore current affairs issues through indepth interviews followed by jovial commentary and special features.

THE ROCKERS SHOW
12:30-3:00 pm
Reggae, Rock Steady and Ska. At 1:30, Reggae Beat International Hour: news and interviews about Reggae music worldwide. Host: George Barrett.

MICHAEL WILLMORE'S ROCK TALK
3:00-6:00 pm
Authentic Rock 'N' Roll from the 50s and 60s featuring many collectors' items and rock rarities you'd never hear anywhere else.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE
6:00-6:30 pm
Join hosts Colin Lloyd and Stefan Ellis for this half-hour news magazine which includes commentary, reviews and a weekend wrap-up of sports events and scores.

JUST LIKE WOMEN
7:00-9:00 pm
Tune in for invigorating and stimulating interviews, news and music for anyone interested in women's issues or learning more about them.

FAST FORWARD
9:00-Midnight
Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.

LIFE AFTER BED
Midnight-Until we fail to function...

FLOYD'S CORNER
2:00-3:00 am
Real "cowshit caught in your boots" country.

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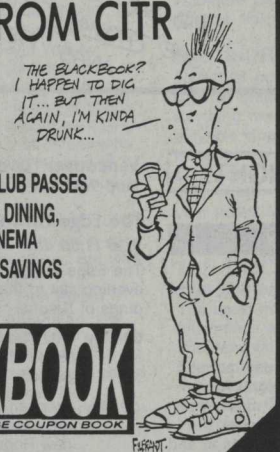

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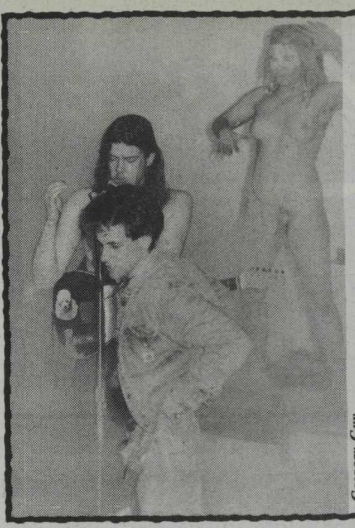
from p. 30

plays a controlled variation on a scary kind of sound not often heard outside of metal/hardcore.

Cannon Heath Down – *Not Now/The Light That's In Your Eyes*. You may have seen variations of *this* band playing under one of its previous names, **5th of November**, **Bayou Drachma**, or the **Caitlins** –too industrious to just gig and make demos, they'll give you a chance to buy their self-produced debut (at 13 songs, a *maxi*-) LP, this summer. And if the biographical notes that came with the cassette (with fun facts like, the band's fave Beatle is Ringo, fave excuse – "REM? Never heard of 'em!" and fave ambition, of one member, anyway, to be "cuter than Tom Hooper") and this tape itself are at all indicative, it should be an album worth getting.

The Kingpins – *Some Girl*. The Kingpins are four guys with impressive rockabilly experience and one of the most fun, danceable live shows going (thanks, in part, to Ron Hayward, the coolest standup bass player I've ever seen). *Some Girl* is just one of their original songs – if you want to hear more, catch them live.



Gregory Guy

The Butthole Surfers at Graceland, April 13.

"Well, it was sort of like INNA-GADDA-DA-VIDA, only longer, stranger, and more dangerous, with more feedback and brighter strobe lights, with valuable input from Jacques Cousteau, the Ohio State Patrol and various dead people, with more brutal human nakedness than a responsible society needs, and Gibby kept lighting his hand on fire, and the audience didn't know whether they should slam dance or pray, and a lot of punkers didn't like it (neither did Tom Selleck, who was there) – and then Gibby lit a cymbal on fire and cut his hand on it, and suddenly it was all over sooner than anyone realized," remembers Noddy.

Retinal Circus – *Fortune/Slowing Down*. Despite the name, Retinal Circus is not a psychedelic revival band but more (dare I say) reminiscent of a certain influential guitar group from Athens, GA. But where some bands get themselves bogged down with pretty sounds and mysticism, these songs, especially *Fortune*, are enjoyable for their clean simple melodies, harmonies and overall sound. I'm just waiting to hear *more* from these guys.☆

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" Vertical Who?" — Bruce Allen

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Local Motion

by Janis McKenzie

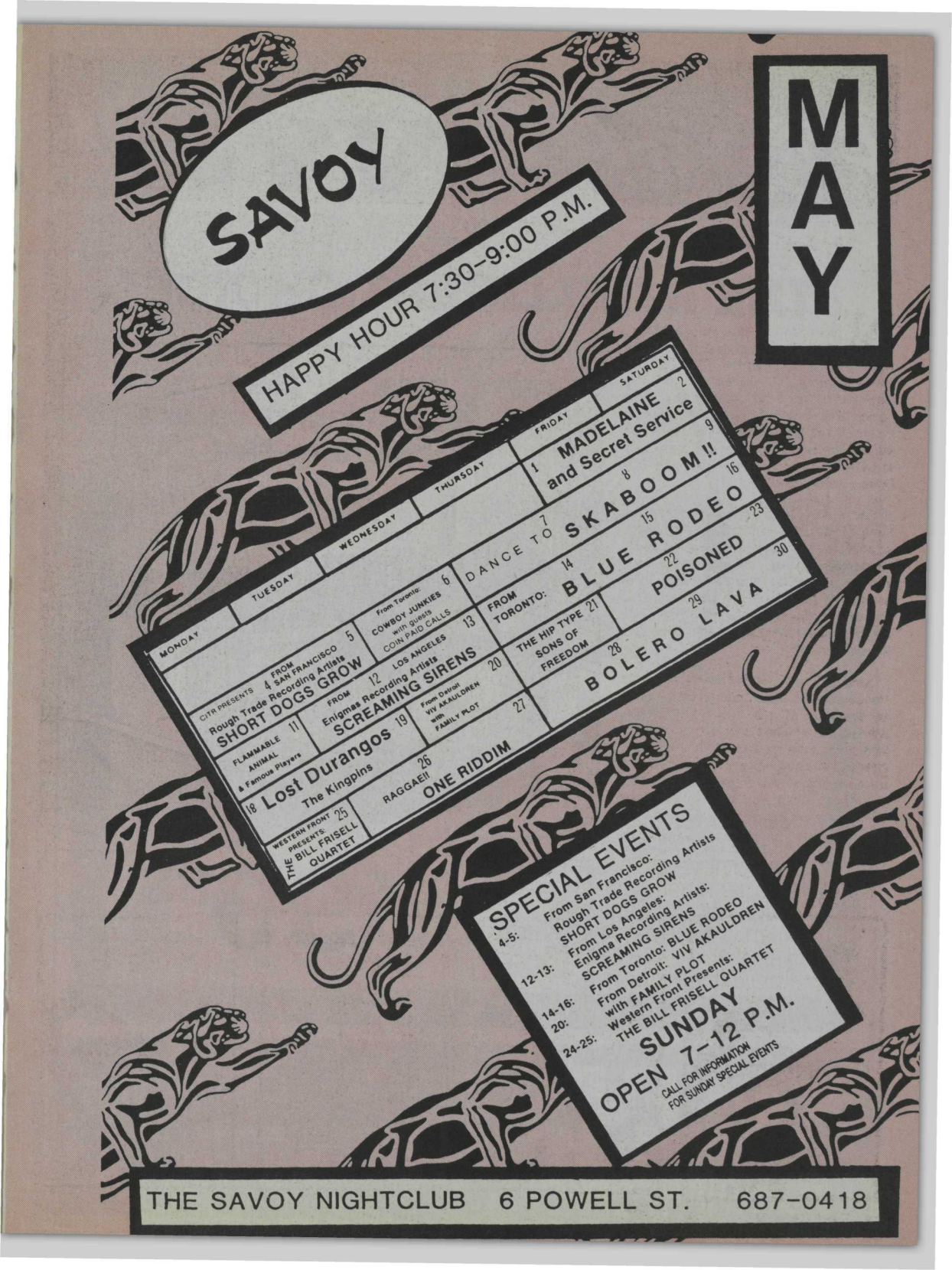
NOMEANSNO'S NEW LP IS OUT now, on Alternative Tentacles, called *Sex Mad*. And by the time you read this, **Family Plot**'s long-awaited debut LP, *Convictions*, will be available, at least on cassette (the vinyl could take a little longer). The band's putting it out themselves, and the record will include two songs that did really well at CITR as demos, *Gravedigger* and *Taxi Driver*. Watch for it!

Sad to say, **Love Club** has broken up. Fans of Niki, their singer, will find consolation in the fact that her other band, **Flammable Animal**, has just started playing live. As for the other members, most have other projects in the works too. And one of this month's many mysteries – will the **Enigmas** stay together after their Zulu Revue reunion?

Among this month's demos are *Alice Henderson* and *Blind Children* by the **Sons of Freedom**. These 3rd place Shindig winners have made themselves a lot of fans here at the station with their loud and intense live show – some say this tape is a little too tame to do them justice but, if you haven't had a chance to see them yet, it's a good introduction to a band that

cont. p. 29

Gregory Guy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HAPPY HOUR 7:30–9:00 P.M.
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MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY
1 MADELAINE and Secret Service
2
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6
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FLAMMABLE ANIMAL & Famous Players
11
FROM 12 LOS ANGELES Enigmas Recording Artists SCREAMING SIRENS
13
FROM TORONTO: 14 BLUE RODEO
15
16
18 Lost Durangos The Kingpins
19
From Detroit VIV AKAULDREN with FAMILY PLOT
20
THE HIP TYPE 21 SONS OF FREEDOM
22 POISONED
23
WESTERN FRONT PRESENTS: THE BILL FRISELL QUARTET
25
RAGGAE!! 26 ONE RIDDIM
27
28 BOLERO LAVA
29
30
SPECIAL EVENTS
4-5: From San Francisco: Rough Trade Recording Artists SHORT DOGS GROW
12-13: From Los Angeles: Enigma Recording Artists: SCREAMING SIRENS
14-16: From Toronto: BLUE RODEO
20: From Detroit: VIV AKAULDREN with FAMILY PLOT
24-25: Western Front Presents: THE BILL FRISELL QUARTET
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